you, why-

breaking him off.

"He'll give you \$200 on it,' said the walking gentleman in a matter-of-fact

head.
"Then he began on the third round.

to strike him to quit and cash in.

*But it didn't, and I wasn't butting i -

I could see that he was an artist at the gare that his nerves were still as steady as steel, and that his winning streak had shown

worth. The money was paid to him in

We'll go over to Lisberger's,' he said.

The pawnsnops out that way used to keep open nearly all night to accommodate the boys with the bucking fever. He

redeemed his ring, pin and overcoat, and put them on. Then he supped me a \$500

The walking gentleman addressed an en-velope to each member of the company

except me—I already had mine—and into each of the envelopes, except that addressed to the leading laiy, he slipped two one hundre idella bills. Into the leading lady's

envelope he placed four five hundred acl-

You hand these envelopes to the people

"I nodded, and he walked away in the darkness.
"I won't tell you how the reary, hu idled outfit at the railroad station broke down when I handed them their envelopes and how they bitterly castigated themselves for the way they'd always reasted the walking gentleman.
"I conveyed her husband's myssage to the leading lady privately She laughed jarringly.

Being the Queer Object Found by Buster John, Swestest Susan, Drusilla and Billy Biscuit, Under the Guidance of Wally Wanderson.

By Joel Chandler Harris.

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The surrender of Gen. Lee's army, and the emancipation of the negroes, made a great change in the prospects and prosperity of the Southern people, and brought about many results, which, while disagreeable in themselves, have since worked to the advantage of the whole country.

Such country gentlemen as Mr. Abererombie, who, it will be remembered, was the grandfather of Buster John and Sweetest Susan, were compelled to give up the wholesome lives they had been leading, and look elsewhere for the means of making a living. But Mr. Abererombie was more fortu-

nately situated than the great majority of the Southern planters. Some of his former slaves had gone off with the Federal army, and others had wandered away, seeking to better their condition.

But, with one or two exceptions, they all came back to the old place, and announced that they were not only ready, but eager to take up their work where they had left it off. Under the changed conditions this could not be; but to each one who was willing to enter into a contract, the terms of wi ich were simple and complete, a parcel of land was allotted and he was duly installed as tenant.

When the contract had been made plain to them, they were quite ready to make their marks on the document, and all were willing that Aaron, the son of Ben Ali. should act as general superintendent.

Under the terms of the contract, each tenant was to be provided with a half year's supply of provisions, seed for sowing, and implements for tilling the soil.

In the allottment of land to the tenants the husband of Jemimy-that same Jemimv who was the mother of Drusilla-secured a parcel at the 'u thest limits of the plantation, which was nearly three miles from the home place, and not very far from the modest farm of Mr. Bobs, where. as we all know, lived Billy Biscuit and Cawky the Crow.

This arrangement suited Jemimy and her husband very well. The success of Mr. Bobs as a small farmer had made a very deep impression on both whites and blacks in that neighborhood and Jemimy's husband made up his mind to discover how a good erop can be made in a bad season.

For her part, Jemimy was very glad to get a vacation from the kitchen. She had been cooking for many years, and the business had grown somewhat monotonous, especially since the beginning of the war an event that marked the decay of the old socal customs that had kept the houses of the country gentlemen full of company

With the company in the house, Jemimy had no objection to cooking; in fact, she delighted in it, for then she had an excuse to pract's it as an art. But day in and day out, with nothing to cook but the plainest food, and no company to serve as an excuse for an extra dish or two, cooking became tiresome; and Jemimy was glad to get away from the kitchen.

The only member of her family who was not glad of the change was Drusilla, and she didn't like it at all.

She had been brought up with play mates to choose from, as it were, and she was in no mind to bury herself on the plantation away from the companionship of those who could amuse her or whom she could amuse.

She did very well while her daddy and some of his friends were building the cabin. which took no long time, the structure being made of logs and plastered with clay; but when the cabin was completed. and they had settled down to a life as lonely as if they were in the midst of the wilderress, Drusilla began to grew very restless. She pined for the companionship of other children and she was constantly besieging her mother with requests to be allowed to go back to the home place and spend the

day with Buster John and Sweetest Susan. The distance from Drusilla's new home to the Abercrombie place was nearly three miles, but little she cared for distance s long as she could find playfellows. She went as often as she could, but the more she went the more she warted to go, until finally, Jemimy had to "lay-wn de law

Then Drusilla suddenly remembered that Mr. Bobs lived not very far away. opportunity to play with Billy Biscuit. Thoroupon she tegan to plead with her mother to allow her to go and see Billy. While she was begging and pleading

White she was begging and pleading; one day Jemimy heard some one calling from the head of the narrow lane that ran from the cabin to the road.

"Hush you' big mouf! Hush, I tell you!" sa d Jemimy to Drusilla. "Don't you hear some un hollerin' dey head off? How kin I hear what deyer sain' ef you keep on rattlin' yo' tongue like a cow bell?"

Then Jemimy with real joy heard the voice of Sweetest Susan calling her, and when it seemed that she could not be heard Rester John came to her assistance and

Drusilla, without waiting to ask her mother, ran down the lane to the childr n and they were as glad to see her as she was to see them. They were going to spend

the day with Billy Biscuit, who was a great favorite with them.

The children didn't walt to ask Jemimy The children didn't walt to ask Jemimy if Drusilla could go with them. Buster John ran down the lane and told her that they were going to see Billy Biscuit, and that Drusilla was going with them; that they were driving their pony and that Drusilla would ride with them.

Jemimy was very well satisfied with this disposition of things. Nevertheless, she remarked as Buster John ran back to the road again:

the road again: never is ter fergit dat we all

done quit b'longin' ter'm."

It was no great distance to the home of Mr. Bobs, and the children soon arrived there; but while they were yet on the way—while they were in sight of the house—they saw a little old man by the side of the read.

There is nothing strange in this bare statement of fact, but there was something yery strange about the little old man. He had very short legs, and he wore a very tall hat, while the tails of his coat were not very far from the ground.

If he saw the children he gave no sign. le was poking about in the bushes with is shore but stout warking cane, and he paid no attention to passers-by.

Buster John wanted to laugh, but prudence restrained him. Drusilla, not mowing what prudence is, felt obliged to gizgle a little as they drove by the little

"You should be ashamed of yourself," protested Sweetest Susan. "If you go on making fun of people that way you'll be sorry some day."
"Huh! what little bit er laughin' I done ain't gwine ter hurt de man. I hear um when dey see sump'm furny, but dat ain't de way wid me. When I want ter laugh I'm bleedge ter laugh er bust."

They went on and left the little old man

poking and prodding about in the bushes with his walking cane, and soon forget all about him in the pleasure they had at seeing Billy Biscuit again.

A part of this pleasure grew out of the curious capers that Billy cut when he saw them. He ran round and round with his arms spread out, as the ducks spread their wings when they are at play, and then, to cap the climax, he dropped on the floor, got on his all-fours and before you could count two had changed himself into a pig; and before you could find out what kind of a pig he was—Chester white or the rezerback variety—he had changed himself into a puppy and gallep d around, barking gavly.

This was the way little Billy Biscuit

a puppy and gament around. Bassing gavly.

This was the way little Billy Biscuit showed his joy at seeing his friends again, for he was not much of a talker.

They all had a good time together, urtil finally, when they were tired of Spot, the house dog, and of Cawky, the tame crow. Buster John happered to remember the little old man they had seen by the road-side, and he a secon remembered the side; and he no sooner remembered the little old man than he began to inquire

about him.
Indeed Buster John asked so many ours tions without catching his breath that Mis Elviry, who was Mr. Bots's sister, had t arn him that he must ask ore question at time, otherwise she would never be able

o ar swer him.
"Well, then," said Buster John, "who is his little old man, and what makes him ook so furny?" look so furny?"
"I couldn't tell you that, horey," replied
Miss Elviry. "He says he comes from
a foreign country ret far from here. Fe
warted my brether to visit it with him ore
day, but brother thought maybe the man
was up to some prark or other and he didn't go. He comes here eccesionally are meanders around. We think he is hurting for something that he lest a long time ago for something that he lest a lorg time ago.

First and last, I recken we've all lest something that we'd like mighty well to find.

She made this 'as' remark with a sigh.

"Would he hurt anybody?" Sweetest

Susan asked.
"Oh, no!" replied Miss Elviry. "Brothe didn't know him well when he asked him to go with him to the foreign courtry not far from here. I heard brother say the other day that he wisled the man would ask him ag'in; but he never has, and I hardly recken he ever will. He says his name is Wally Wanderon."

Wanderoon."

Buster John said no more, but he proposed to the others, after awhile, that they go back dow'the road and see if they could find the little old man. Drusilla didn't like the idea much.

didn't like the idea much.

"You all des like you use ter be; freedom ain't changed you a bit."

Drusilla had an idea that freedom was a matter that should change individuals, as well as the whole face of the world. Perhaps she was right in that, in spite of her ignorance; but freedom, like other blessings, must be boiled down in order to come at the essence thereof.

wished being the sense of the research the r

plain." To hear you talk, "remarked Buster John, scornfully, "people would think that you had been in great danger. But when did you get hurt when you went with us?" "Well. I des ez soon be hurted ez ter be skeer'd ter death; an' ef I ain't been skeer'd tev ain't nobody been skeer'd. Dar's Miss Susan'll tell you de same."

susan'll tell you de same."

"Yes, I was frightened sometimes." said Sweetest Susan, laughing. "but I knew all the time that there was nothing to be frightened at. I knew it was all either a dream, or something very like it."

"Yes," said Buster John, sarcastically—

boys of thirteen can be very sarcastic-"Aaron is a dream, Mr. Thimblefinger is a dream; everything is a dream." Sweetest Susan: "I mean that it was all so nueer that it seemed like a dream. I remember that you said so yourself; and "ou know very well that you couldn't persuade mother that we hadn't been dreaming."

"Well you know that we hadn't been dreaming." didn't mean that

dreaming."
"Well, you know what grandfather said."
Buster John insisted; "he said that when
two or three people dream the same dream
it is not a dream, but a fact."

it all appeared like a dream t "Still, it all appeared like a dream to me." Sweetest Susan declared.
"Dream! I say dream!" exclaimed Drusilla' indignantly. "You can't fool me; ef you wanter fool yo's!" go ahead and do it, but don't come and tell me bout dreamin' when you got bote eyes wide open an' all your server." I say the say of the bout "To be continued."

CHINESE NOT STRICTLY MASONS.

But Their Ancient Secret Societies Have Eites Resembling the Masonic. The recent installation of a Grand Maste

of the Chinese secret orders in the United States, popularly known as the "Chinese and that by going there she would have an | Freemasons," has aroused interest in the question of the connection between the Chinese secret societies and the Masonic body. Allusions to "Chinese Freemasonry" appear periodically in the newspapers, though according to the Cyclopædia of Fraternities there is no such thing as Freemasonry among the Chinese.

The only Masonic lodges in China are in the foreign concessions at the scaports. Their membership is composed exclusively of others than Chinese and they are con ducted under fereign warrants. The rices of the Chinese secret societies bear some resemblance to those of the Freemasons which accounts for the popular supposi tion of a connection between the two. The similarity, though more apparent than real, is remarkable, in view of the antiquity of both and the impossibility of either to have

been patterned after the other. China is filled with secret societies, mo of which have for their object the overthrow of the T'sing dynasty, with a pretended benevolent purpose to veil the political significance of the organization. The most powerful of these societies, the Kolao Hui, numbers more than 1,000,000.

The Cyclopædia of Fraternities contains an account of an initiation ceremony at a Chinese lodge in Spokane, Wash., at which four white men, Freemasons, were present by invitation. The lodge represented a benevolent branch of the Kolao Hui. There were references to the "immortal three." circumambulation, four stations at which questions were asked and answers returned, kneeling on crossed swords, teadrinking, burning incense, a traditional season of refreshment and signs in which the head and hands were raised; yet the Occidental Masons present were unable to detect anything that resembled the masonry with which they were familiar.

The same authority gives this account of the secret signs used by the Triad Society which was at the bottom of the Taiping rebellion:

Members always halt on entering a house, and then proceed with the left foot first. When sitting they place their toes together and spread their heels apart. They also recognize one another by the way they place their tea cups on the table and the manner in which there have the way they place their tea cups on the table way they place their they hitch their trousers. Their motto is 'Drive out the Tartar.' Treason is punished by lopping off the ears of a minor offender. The final off the ears of a minor offender.

THE MISJUDGED WALKING GENTLEMAN.

A Reformed Barnstormer Tells of Dramatic Wreck and Its Surprising Climas.

"I don't suppose there ever was a man so contemptuously regarded by his as-sociates as that 'walking gentleman,' said the Reformed Barnstormer. "He certainly was a two-spot in a workhouse deck

"From the property man, who looked upon him as excess baggage, to the ITW comedian who privately told all of us several times a day that he would like to give him a floatng rib, all hands of the outfit had a grouch against the walking gentleman. The leading lady, a rather tempestuous, domineor-ing woman, could barely remember her lines when the walking gentleman was strolling, with his cane swinging jauntily, across the stage, and if he had paid the alightest attention to the daggers which she looked at him every time he came within the range of her vision he would have shrunk like a brick-baking gang's drinking gourd. But he didn't. He didn't pay much attention to any of us, in fact, and I wouldn't be surprised but what that was why most

of us were sore on him.
"I must not fail to mention that another reason why we regarded with him aversion was that he possessed a very fine bluewhite diamond ring, a sapphire and dia-mond scarrpin, and a magnificent scallined ulster which he wore during his walkir g exercises on the stage. Most of us regarded his possession of these articles. especially after we drifted onto the rocks. as decidedly vulgar and indecent, considering that we ourselves had only the dogsared, run-out tickets for our stuff.

There were a dozen of us, all told, including the walking gentleman. The company had been organized in Chicago for the Northwestern one-night stands. did 'The Romany Rye,' 'The Lights o' London.' 'In the Ranks,' and 'Ticket-o'-Leave Man'-all with about the same scenery and costumes. We weren't so bad, at that -I've

"We made the long haul from Chicago to Portland, Ore., and started our tour there. There wasn't enough in it from the jump to keep the bass fiddler in amber suds We couldn't get 'em in with bale hooks in Portland. It was in '03, when the whole ountry was shy of the pieces of eight. and at that time the Coast was worse than at any other neck of it.

"We showed there for three nights to the cubic-feet-of-air capacity of the house, and already our restless-orbed manager was beginning to exude the 'if-this-thingkeeps-up' brand of caloric atmosphere The angel didn't accompany the company but before we broke out of Portland the manager began to drop the croak that if business didn't pick up the angel was a whole lot liable to get the wing ache and

refuse to flutter.
"In Baker City, the next pause-on night, with 'The Lights o' London' scheduled to glitter—the manager counted the \$6.35 in the house, told 'em that something was wrong with the lights, gave them back their gold, and we slid on to Roseburg. A seething mob bought \$9.75 worth of seating capacity there, and we cut 'The Romany Rye' down to one act and three-eighths and let them have it. For the \$13.85 in dimes and nickels that flowed into the box office in Walla Walla we sawed 'In the Ranks' down to a vaudeville sketch and

passed it over to them.

"In the meantime, we were getting sore and sorer on the walking gentleman. He didn't spend any time figuring out on his cuffs how far it was from The Dalles to Chicago at so much per mile, as did all of the rest of us, and this callous and brutal indifference on his part didn't get any curain calls from us. Moreover, he still had although the ghost hadn't heel-and-toed since we'd started out, and the rest of us had begun to part with a vest or an alarm clock here and there for laundry coin. We soon began to attribute all of the hard luck

to the walking gentleman. "I never saw yet a katink with those weather strips on the sides of his map that wasn't a hoodoo, said the low comedian, and for a pipeful of punk smoking tobacco I'd give him a cauliflower ear or two-flash ing those drocky lights of his on people that haven't got, all clubbed together, the price of a taw moss agate!"

"When we got to Boisé City, the next hesitating burg, we found that the theatre wouldn't be ready for three or four days on account of some repairs that were being made. During the four days that ensued before we gave 'The Ticket-o'-Leave Man' in one canto, and no epilogue or variations to \$12.30 worth of the Boisé populace, the manager had been dropping a lot of hints to the effect that the angel back in Chicago had already got sciatica of the pinions to such an extent that he had ceased soaring altogether, and then I, for one, began to examine the underneath running gear of the eastbound trains with considerable interest. A conviction stole over me that my ride back to the Lake Michigan burg of the freshless smell was going to be a real unassuming, not to say a horizontally secluded, one.

"The tavernkeeper at Boisé City pasted attachments on our scenery and trunks for the board bill right after the show, and it was both fins on the vertical for the

manager. " 'I'm all in.' he said to us, when he had herded us up, 'except the price of you people's tickets to Spokane, the next jump. You'd better start for there right away leaving your gear behind. I'll stay be hind myself and send a wire to the angel to-night. If he sees it and edges to the van with a dough-wire, I'll fetch the gear along to Spokane to-morrow. If not-erpardon me, you will observe that my hat has just blown off.' and he ran to chase it, although it still remained on his head.

"We went to Spokane that night, ground ing in one end of the car to rap the manager and the walking gentleman all the

"'If something's not doing to-morrow the patrolling gent wants to stand by for a dented conk, that's all-those De Been deadlights he's wearing 'ud just abou tidy the whole outfit up and put us on ou way tack to the town of the three-cent tubs,' viciously remarked the low come dian, who had a wife and six young children of virtually the same age back in Chicago.

On the afternoon after we got into Spokane, the manager back in Bois Ci y addressed to me, as the leading man of the outfit, a telegram that read something

like this:

'Angel ducks. Says nix more coin

'Angel ducks. Says nix more coin Sorry. Am walking estward myself— it's nearer than Chicago. Hope all hands win out. Stun the walking gent for his

the leading lady privately She laughed jarringly.

"Poor Jim—he was always such a duffer?" she said. 'And only fancy him sending me four hundred pound?"

"Nobody, including his wife, has seen or heard of Walking Gentieman James Thorndyke since that night, but I still meet up occasionally with some of the members of that old outfit sho would like to shake him by the ham and have the chance to say to him, 'We had you doped out wrong, old man—we were inistaken." win out. Stun the walking gent for his Yagerfontain shiners."
I read the telegram aloud to the company, all except the allusion to the walking gentleman—he was present, and I didn't want to spat er him up r hurt his feelings profoundly as I was prejudiced against him because of his possessions.

"The women immediately got the weeps and the men gnawed on their nails and

WHEN LUCK WAS cussed. Scent ng or suspecting something, the landlord of the hotel jounced in just then, got next instantly from the looks of the bunch, and announced that as we had no baggage we'd have to hunt otherwhere for a camp. He looked as if he meant it. AGAINST SIMMONS.

of the bunch, and announces that no baggage we'd have to hunt otherwhere for a camp. He looked as if he meant it.

"It was just about twilight as we strolled down to the railroad station. When we reached the station, the women still flushing their laohrymo e glands and the men still emitting the hoarse mutters, the walking gentleman, who had been lagging behind, stepped up to me, touched me on the sleeve, and beckoned me to a clump of firs across the way from the station with a nod of his head.

"'Any pawnshops in this town?' he asked me in a quiet sort of way.

"'Yep—Lisberger's, about three blocks from here,' I replied—I had a pretty swell routebook of loan offices in those days, and I had dug Lisberger's up on a previous visit to Spokane. A Mississippi River Gambler's Revenge When He Lost His All While Playing Poker.

"There's a heap o' talk sometimes about the bad men that cavorts round some parts the country where 'tain't settled up much, an' does gun play for fun, shootin' up bar-rooms an' killin' tenderfoots now an' then, while they're workin' off the red liquor they've took," said Caleb Mix, the veteran bartender on the Mississippi River packet City of Natchez.

But I reckon that they ain't none on em any more o nery nor the bad men that useter travel the Mississip' afore the War. "Likely a bad man is bad, wherever he is, an' all't he needs is a chanst o' hurtin' somebody. 'Pears like everybody that tells about 'em, though, was p'tio'ler about pickin' out somethin' decent they've did, one time or another, an' makin' that the

and I had dug Lisberger's up on a previous visit to Spokane.

"Suppose we walk to Lisberger's, said the walking gent, and I fell into step with him, beginning already to wonder if he was going to pour coals of fire on our heads.

"Two hundred, said the walking gentleman to Lisberger, slipping off his fine blue-white finger gen and passing it over to the pawnbroker, who gave it but one glance and then said:

"Name?"

"Know any banks here?" the walking "Name?"

"Know any banks here?' the walking gentleman inquired of me when we had left the pawnbroker's.

"Gaetz & Baer's, the Coeur d'Alene, over the way, the swellest between Denver and San Francisco,' I told him.

"Suppose we walk over there,' he said to me, and again I fell into step with him. "Mebbe there is times that the worst on 'em turns half way decent for a spell. ain't a savin' 'tain't so, but I've never saw nothin' to make me think you can

ount on it. "If a man's re ly bad the on'y safe way It was a sure-enough clout to me to find out that our walking gentleman had any sporting blood.

Mr. James Thorndyke, which was the to treat him is like you'd treat a rattlesnake if you was quick enor gr-shoot his head off the minute you seen him beginnin' to coil hisself for a strike. They ain't reely "Mr. James Thorndyke, which was the name the walking gentleman gave, bought \$200 worth of blue chips at one of the Coeur d'Alene faro layouts, and pushed one of the \$100 stacks over to me. Two boxes cleaned us out, both of us landing on the slag at the same minute. The walking gentleman didn't leave his seat, but leaned over to me.

"Would you mind,' he asked me, removing his sapphire and diamond pin no way o' fightin' fair with 'em, for they won't fight that way, an' the world ain't never rid of 'em till some feller is quick enough to play their own game on 'em.

"I've saw a good many on 'em first an' last, on these bosts, an' I never knowed one on 'e m to do a reel decent thing yet. 'thouten he reckoned to get the best o' somebody doin' it. Gamblers? Yes. The most on 'em was gamblers. An' they was men that never sat at the table without a gun in their pockets or a knife in their boots, just where they c'd pull it sudden. "There was one feller that come from

"Would you mind,' he asked me, removing his sapphire and diamond pin from his searf, 'taking this over to Lisberger's? He'll give you a hundred and a half on it—it's worth \$600. I don't want to lose my seat.

"Lisberger pushed me the \$150 without a word, and I took the money in a canter over to Gaetz & Baer's, where the walking gentleman was still seated at his table, keeping cases. He bought \$150 worth of blues, and very civilly pushed \$75 worth of them over to me. I shook my head.

"It's not my night,' I said beginning to feel mighty differently toward the walking gentleman. 'Swing 'em along yourself.'

"He lasted two deals with his \$150, gamely pushing his last \$20 over to call the turn on New Orleans, so they said, that travelled the boats a good deal, just afore the War, that come as near bein' a sure-enough devil as anybody I ever seen. I never hear none o' these stories about bad men 'thout thinkin' o' him, an' a thing I seen him do "He lasted two deals with nussian, gainery pushing his last \$20 over to call the turn on the second deal. He made it queen-ten, and it came out ten-queen. The walking gentleman stood up in his place and began to shed his seal-lined ulster—the weather in in a poker game one night.

"He called hisself Harry Simmons, an"

mebbe that might ha' been his ree! name. I don't know. But there was them 't said his old man made him take another name when he paid him fifty thousand dollars to get out an' never have nothin' more to do rith his own folks.
*He were a tall, slender, wiry devil. with

Spokane was cold.

"Now," said the walking gentleman, with a smile that struck me as being rather winning, although I had never noticed it before, 'I should like to keep my seat, but if you think I am making a messenger of jet black hair an' one blue eye an' one that was a sort o' gray-green. You couldn't never forget his face if you seen it once. He were a dandy, like most o' the top-notch river gamblers was them days, an' were as p'tic'ler as a woman about his clo'es. "An' he wore jewelry, like the rest on

"Lisberger whistled at the beauty of the garment and handed out the \$200 readily remarking that he hoped I wouldn't redeem it—that he'd like to own it himself.

"I was back to the Coeur d'Alene inside of ten minutes, and found the walking contlemen keeping cases with his gold 'em did, that was more like a woman's than a man's. But you didn't want to make no mistake about him bein' womanish when it came to a fight or a game o' draw. "When it was card playin' he were as steady as a clock an' took chances that'd gentleman keeping cases with his gold pencil without any trace of excitement. He bought chips with the money, ques-tioned me with his eyes as to whether I wanted to play, and again I shook my head make a tight-rope walker gray headed. An' when it was fight, he were a bundle o' wildcats, with about as much pity in him

wildcats, with about as much pity in him as a game cock.

'They was playin' a hard game one night when the boat come up toward Vicksburg, an' it were a sure case o' dog eat dog 'for there wa'u't a sucker on the boat that any of 'em thought was worth the trouble o' catchin', an' three on 'em was playin' together—all professionals, an' all three bad men. "Then he began on the third round.
"He could not lose. Inside of an hour he had \$5,000 worth of blues and yellows in front of him, and still going easy. By this time I knew, of course, what he was playing for, although he hadn't asid a word, and when he had the \$5,000 worth of disks heaped up I rooted for the hunch to strike him to guit and cash in.

men.

"Simmons was the worst o' the lot but George Masters, a Vicksburg man, and Billy Eaton, a feller f'm Texas, was both billy eaton, a letter I in lexas, was both ugly customers for any man to run up against, 'thouten he had his gun in his hand full cocked.

"I reckon the game was as straight as

and that his winning atteat had shown no indication of running out.

"At 10 o'clock, when the walking gentle-man was \$,000 ahead, I told him that I'd be gone for only a few minutes, and hustled over to the station to see if the members of the company were still there. any that was ever played, for there wa'n't none o' the three 'd ha' dast to turn a none o' the three 'd ha' dast to turn a crooked trick on either o' the others, 'thoutea members of the company were still there.

I found them huddled up, the women still wadding their handkerchiefs up into little knots and the men trying to dope out the names of people back East to whom

he was doin' it for a fight, all on 'em knowin' that the others was as clever as he was an' just as ready to shoot.

'They was playin' a heavy game, though, for they was all well fixed, an' any one on 'em stood to lose eight or ten thousand afore goin' broke. They had chips on the table for small money, but each man had a roll o' big bills in front of him, an' the bettin' was well up in the hundreds whenthey might wire.

"I suppose they all though I was sure dippy when I burst in upon them.

"Cut out the wails," I remarked. There'll in the walls, it is a larger than on the walls right. be eats and sleeps all right—just hang on a little while longer—the walking gentleman has got 'em whipsawed both ends from the middle—stay here,' and then I raced out and back to Gaetz & Baer's.

"As I glided over to the table where Mr. Thorndyke—he had become Mr. Thorndyke with me you'll observe—was playing, I aw Gaetz hold up his hand to the dealer. bettin' was well up in the hundreds whenever there was more'n one good hand out.

"Luck run against Simmons for the first
hour or so, an' it were easy to see that he
were gettin' ugly, not that he said anything, for they didn't none on 'em do no
talkin' to speak of, but his eyes looked
wickeder'n usual, an' his jaw was sot like
a steel trap. He were playin' monstrous
cautious, though, an' hadn't lost more'n
three or four thousand when he seen, or
thought he seen a chanst o' gettin' back "I guess that'll be about all to-night,' said Gaetz, and Mr. Thorndyke smued and pushed over his chips. He had \$14,000

three or four thousand when he seen, or thought he seen a chanst o' gettin' back a good part of it.

'It were Masters' deal an' a jack pot, with \$30 in it. Simmons had first say an' he p ned it for the size f it. Earlon come in an' shasters raised it thirty. Evidently that were just what Simmons was lookin' for, for he raised it fif y more, an' then Eaton took a wheek at it.

of me, and maybe his tone didn't sound like a gentleman's and a scholar's.

"I started to thank him effusively—I don't mind saying that I felt effusive—but he held up his hand with an imploring he held up his nand with an imploring gesture, and, beginning to understand the man, I forebore. He asked Lisberger for some envelopes, and the pawnoroaer threw a package of them onto the counter. The watting gestlemen addressed on the counter.

we'e just what siminons was lookin for, for he raised it ff y more, an' then Eaton took a whack at it.

"I reckon he hadn't raised on the first round, for fear o' scarin' Masters out, but seein' how things laid, he raised Simmons ff y Then Masters histed it a hundred, an' Simmons made it a hundred more, so Eaton, havin' a small straight, kind o' hauled in his horns, an' just trailed.

"He trailed a couple o' times more while Simmons an' Masters was a boostin' each other a hundred at a clip, but seeing he were out of his depth he folded on the third raise, an' the others kep' on till they had two thousand apiece in the pot.

"Then Simmons just made good sn' when Masters ast him how many cards he wanted he said he reckoned he'd play what he had. So Masters, he stood pat, too, both on 'emhaving fours, an' both reckonin' on foolin' the other.

"It bein' Simmons's bet he put a thousand della s in the pot, an' Masters says:

"You hand these envelopes to the people, like a good fellow," said the walking gentleman. They're so down in the mouth that they'd probably feel emotionally grateful for the little favors, and I couldn't stand that. So I shan't see them again. Good-by. I'll be off for San Francisco, and, from there, for Australia, by the early train in the morning."

"We pumped mitts—I don't mind admitting that I had a door-knob somewhere around my Adam's apple—and he started to walk away. Then he hesitated, and came back.

"By the by, he said with just the faint.

della a in the pot, an' Masters says:

"I'll see your thousand an' bet you as
much more as you've got.'

I stood near Simmons, an' I c'd hear a sort o' click that I thought first was the click of a gun, but I seen he had both hands on the table, so I reckoned it must ha' been his jaws. Anyway they was clinched when he answered, an' he spoke through

when he answered, an' he spoke through his teeth, sayin'.

"Make your bet.'

"Well, o' course Masters couldn't make him tell the size of his pile aforehand, so he shoved his own pile forward, him havin' considerable more in sight than Simmons.

"Well, how much is that?' says Simmons, an' Masters had to stop an' count it. It took a minute or so, an' when he was done, he says:

to walk away. Then he hesitated, and came back.

"By the by, he said, with just the faintest note of tremulousness in his voice. I wish you'd tell Jeanette that I sent my love to the kids, and hoped that she would be good to them and bring them up right." Jeanette was our leading lav. "The kids?" I repeated. "I repeated." "Yes, said the walling gen leman, quietly. Jeanette is any wife, and we have two children back in England. You'll tell her I sent my love to them, won't you?" I nodded, and he walked away in the darkness. e savs: "There's six'y-five hundred an' forty

There's six'y-five hundred an' forty dellars.

Then Simmons began to unbutton his clothes, there bein' no women 'round, an' reachin' his money belt he builed out a wad o' big bills as big as y our fist.

"I'll see that, he says, countin' out the money, 'an' go you ten thousand more.

"That was puttin' the boot on the other leg, for all 't Masters e'd dig up was about twenty-five hundred, but he was game an' he called for a show for his pile. An' on the show down he flashed four kings against Simmons's four tens.

the show down he flashed four kings against Simmons's four tens.

"Well, there wa'n't no disputin the cards, but I moved away a little, kind o' lookin' for a disturbance, 'specially as I heer'd that click o' Simmons's taws again, but he didn't say nothin' an' 'twould ha' been a good thing for a young feller that stood by if he'd showed the same sense.

"But he wa'n't hardly more'n a boy, though be were a big, husky chap that were travellin', so I heer'd, f'm somewheres up North, an' I reckon he didn't know the customs o' the river, for he spoke right out in a good-natured, fool way, sayin':

"Well, that was the most extraordinary play I ever saw."

play I ever saw.'
There was two or three other men stand-

ha' don't know what the police might ha' done about it when the young feller got well enough to get out, but he didn't wait to get well. 'Pears he got up that same night, all bandaged up as he was, an' got out on the street somehow an found Simmons in the hotel where he was stoppin', an' killed him dead in the bar room.'

REYNARD NOT SO SLY. An Old Hunter Thinks the Red Fox's Cun ning Has Been Exaggerated.

I don't know what the police might

in' by, toe, lookin' on at the game, an' they sort o' sidestepped, same as I had, but the young feller stood there just as if he hadn't said nothin', on'y lookin' kind o' 'stonished, same as he seld he was, an' Simmons turned 'round to him.

"'And what did you find remarkable in the play, sir,' he said as polite as if he'd been sakin' the stranger to have a drink.

"'Why,' says the boy, 'I don't see why you didn't drsw a card. You could have'—
"He never finished that sentence, for as quick as a flash Simmons grabbed a glass half full o' whiskey that stood on the table, an' threw the liquor square in the boy's face.

"That's what we do with fools down this

way when they criticise a gentleman's

"Well, the boy was good grit, even if he was a fool, an' he jumped at Simmons an' the next minute they was rollin' on the floor. I seen Simmons pull his knife as they went down, in' I reckoned to see the other felier killed, but that wa'n't Simmons's idea it appears.

mons's idea, it appears.

"They struggled for a little bit. It didn't seem ten seconds, an' then the boy yelled, an' Simmons jumped up, laughing. He had cut both the boy's ears an' his nose piumb off.

"You'd ha' thought Simmons'd ha' been lymbed, but there wa'n't nobody in the

OBBINGTON, Me., Feb. 21 .- "When the Lord changed the color of a fox's fur from red to black or gray, said Jason Norton, the aged fox hunter of Penobscot Valley he gave the favored animals new skill in elf-protection and fitted them out with

brains of larger capacity.

"I have hunted foxes for more than forty years and I have killed more than a thousand. Of this number seventy-five or eighty were cross foxes, whose pelts are worth from \$40 to \$75 to-day, fourteen were black foxes and eight were silver grays.

"If a red fox was half as cunning as they say he is, he would never be shot ahead of the dogs. So long as there is plenty of room for a fox to run in and the room is in a direct line, he can distance the best dog living at the quarter post and get so far away in half a day that the hunters could not see him again for a week

"But a red fox hasn't learned that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points, which shows that he has never studied geometry. As soon as he nears a dog yipping behind him he sits down and studies a bit to make sure if he is the fox that is picked for the chase.

"If he finds out that the dogs are after another fox, the chances are that he will be envious and will spend a lot of time in cutting across his rival's trail and trying to confuse the dogs.

"No sooner is a red fox sure that he is selected for the hunt than he loses all caution and devotes his energies to having fun with the dogs. He climos up the trunks of leaning trees for the sake of leaping off into distant snowdrifts, he teeters along the top of rail fences and sneaks down the channels of running brooks, hoping that the water will kill the scent.

"After being funny for a time, he will sit down on a sunny knoll and listen and laugh to himself to hear the dogs swear about him. He will do these tricks until the dogs are tired and mad clear through. and then he will begin to run in a circle so he can keep the dogs within earshot

"And this is what finishes him up, for as soon as the hunters learn that he is moving in a curve, they calculate the diameter of his circuit, cut across to head him off, and the next time he comes around smiling at the joke he is playing on the dogs, he i met in the face with a charge of double B shot and he never laughs again.

"No one ever knew a black fox or a silver gray to be guilty of such folly. As soon as a fox with a costly overcoat on his back hears the dogs bellowing behind him he sniffs around a bit to learn the direction of the wind and is off to windward at the rate of thirty miles an hour.

"As he keeps his nose to the wind all the time, he can smell out any danger that may be ahead of him, and so long as he keeps running he is sure that nothing can overtake him from behind. If the dogs happen to be of the long-legged kind, such as they use in England, the fox has to stir his feet pretty lively for a few hours, but when the dogs grow tired, he settles down to an easy lone of twelve or fifteen miles an easy lope of twelve or fifteen miles an hour and does not stop until he is 100 miles

away.

Meantime the dogs drop out as they grow tired and go wandering about in the woods trying to make a shortcut for home. They haul up at farm houses along the way to rest, and the last one is not captured and brought home for a week. By this time

brought home for a week. By this time the fox will have returned to his old feeding grounds and had a nice long rest, so he will be ready for another run.

"It is my candid bel ef that if all the foxes in Maine were put together so we could look them over, the blacks and silver grays combined would equal the number of reds. They are gaining in numbers every year too. The reason why we do not shoot them is because they are wiser and

Poem Written by a Letter Carrier Con-

victed of Stealing. Edward Bromberger, a letter carrier who was convicted of taking money from letters and is now awaiting the result of an appeal, has spent most of his time since his conviction in writing songs and poetry

is entitled "Guilty?" and reads as follows: "Gullty!" The verdict is spoken
In solemn accents and low:
"Gullty!" Another heart's broken,
One more home plunged into wee.
Slowly, like leaves falling, slowly
Comes from the foreman that word:
Then a loud cry from a wife standing to
Over the court room is heard.

bearing on his case. His latest composition

"Guilty!" The lights burning dimly.

Barely suffice for the gloom.

"Gui ty!" His lioner sits grimly.

Hushed are all sounds in the room.

"Pris'ner remanded for mentence!"

Marshals obey the decree:

Vain are the tears, long, long are the years

Ere again will be know that he's free.

Back to the dungeon he's taken.
Back to his old prison cell;
There from the shock to awaken.
There on the future to dwell.
Yea, for a deed pe'er committed.
Patiently biding the time
That will reveal what others conceal.
Who will accuse him of crime?

Walking, in freedom, the streets; Leaving his sisters and brothers. His lot one of bitters, not sweets. His are the days long and dreary. Thinking of entitren and wife. Praying all night for Justice and Right, Praying for strength and for life—

Life that despite of all troubles
Gnawing on vitals and mind.
Is but a transient bubble.
Bursting at each breath of wind.
Still it has charms. So, with patience,
Yearns for the coming of day
When his good name is cleared of all blame
And brings the real culprit to pay.

JOE JOLLY BOY'S TRIP TO JOLLY LAND

In Which He Tells of a Whale and a Mermaid That He Met While Sailing Alone at Sea.

As the wind was off shore and I had selected a fast sailing boat, I was soon at sea, and had I been missed and cursuit made the darks ess was too great for any one to have spied me. I was not at all afraid, for I was used to the sea, and not at all lo: esome, because I was setting out on a wonderful voyage.

I truly and hor estly believed e ery word the soldier had said about Jolly Land and ts queer people, and, of course, I expected to meet with many advertures and have thirgs to tell upon my return. If any one had been with me that night he would have heard me laugh more than once as I thought of the island where everything was upside down.

I did not sleep at all during the night, as I wanted to give the test all my core and be as fer away as I could when morning came. Daylight came before I expected it, and as I stood up and looked around I could not see a sail except at a great distance.

"You'd ha' thought Simmons'd ha' been lynched, but there wa'n't nobody in the saloon that felt like tacklin' him, specially as he still had the knife in his hand an' was wipin' it, careful, on his handkerchief.

"The boat was just tyin' up at the Vicksburg levee, an' we took the boy ashore an' put him in the hospital. Simmons went ashore, too, an' the cap'n was glad enough to get rid of him; so he didn't do nothin' but tell the Chief o' Police all about it, an' the boat went on, as usual, up the river. come close to me the captain would have nsisted on my coming aboard I ate my broakfast and whistled and

sang and laughed, and the boat sailed on at a good pace for four or five hours. Then the wind died away and I was left becalmed. Thinking I might catch a nap before

the breeze came again, I lay down in the bottom of the boat and closed my eyes. I did sleep for a couple of hours, and my awakening was anything but pleasant. The first thir g I know the boat was being

lifted out of the water and jostled about in the strangest menrer, and when I leared to my feet it was to find that a whale had come under my craft and bounced her about until it was almost a miracle she was

The boat and the whale rested on the water side by side, and although I had a parrow escape from being thrown into the sea and drowned, and was still in peril

I had to indulge in a hearty laugh.

By and by the whale began lashing the water with his tail, and the waves he kicked up were likely to swamp my boat, but I could no nothing but hang on and hope for the best.

When I was about ready to give up in

When I was about ready to give up in despair the monster suddenly sank out of sight, and in a little time the sea grew quiet again. I was very thankful, as you must understand, and had some of you been in my place I think you would have turned back and made the best of your way home.

The calm continued, and when the sun went down he was like a great ball of gold. I had finished my supper, and was so ty singing to myself as darkness came down, when all of a sudden another voice reached

It was that of a woman, and she seemed to be humming a tune. There was no ship in sight, and the shore was at least fifty miles away, and I was both puzzled and alarmed. I had been looking about me for fully five minutes when I made out the head and shoulders of a woman who was clinging to the stern of my boat.

She had a fair face, long hair and a string of pearls around her neck, and I took notice how white her teeth were.

w white her teeth were. I was a bit afraid for a moment, but then I remembered hearing the fishermen talk of mermaids, and I felt sure that this must be one. I beckened to her and called her 'my dear" and said that I was lonesome 'or company, but she shook her head and

smiled.

Then I began softly creeping aft, thinking to make a sudden grab and capture her, but she suspected my intentions and swam away from the boat and hummed a

merry air and smiled archily.

"I have heard of mermaids," I said to her. "You live in a coral cave at the botom of the sea and must meet with many wonderful sights.

"Won't you come and talk with ms? Do not fear that I will hurt you. When I go home I should like to tell the fisherman and others that I have not only seen, but

talked with a real mermail. It was no use, however. Boy that I was, she was afraid of me, and while I was speakshe was alraid of me, and while I was a space ing to her she suddenly sank away into the sea and I did not get another sight of her, although it was a long two hours before the wind came and I resumed my voyage. This mermaid lived so far from the shore

that probably she had never seen a human being before and she was, therefore, afraid These were two pretty fair adventures for one day, but I was to have a still more stirring one on the morrow, and if you read the next chapter I think you will be the property of the state of the stat

interested in what came to me and how (To be continued.)

CRACKERS FOR SQUIRRELS. Snow Makes the Gray Fellows in Prospect Park Unusually Tame.

The tame squirrels in Pros pect Park in Brooklyn had a great time in the snow last week. The red fellows who live in and about the Quaker cemetery have retained the provident habits of their kind and store up for winter use the nuts and acorns that litter the ground in the fall, but the big gray ones that make their homes in the trees about the long meadow are so accustomed to finding plenty of crumbs scattered by the children at luncheon thereabouts that they have forgotten the instinct of their tribe and never lay in a supply of food for the days when the children stry away from the park. They are so tame ordinarily that they will frisk about within a few yards of visitors, their big, bushy tails hung over their backs, picking up pieces of food which they carry away or eat right where they find them.

The snow of last week kept the children away, and the gray squirrels looked in vain for their usual supply of food. Hunger made them bold and they followed anxiously and at a short distance pedestrians who used the walk that borders the meadow. One big fellow was the boldest of them alland he fared the best on the second day of the snow.

A number of young women have been accustomed to feed the gray squirrels through the winter, standing on the waik and throwing morsels of food to the frisk animals. Last Wednesday one young woman stood there and threw oyster crackers to the scuirrels. ers to the squirrels.

Each would grab a cracker and scamper

off to a tree and eat his prize. The higgest of them all seemed to be getting less than his due proportion, either because he was too old to compete or was less ambitious than his fellows. But he came gradually nearer apparently begging for son e hing to The young woman stooped very and extended her hand with a cri-it. The big squirrel hesitated a m and then approached the cracker, took it in his paws and, probably being too hungry to wait until he could acamper to the near-cest tree, squatted right where he was not nibbled the cracker until it was all gone. Then he looked for more. He took for crackers from the young woman's leabefore he had enough. Then, with a who of his tall he shot away, chatterey, to

waiting companions as he dopped up . have the courage of their cont

which would come nearest